

Bob Seger, White Wall

Springtime of new years, the young thoughts see more dreams
while you live on the wind, how lovely it all seems
With moments yet unshared, and wishes incomplete
The stars above your head, the world beneath your feet

Suddenly your nights, begin to seem so long
There's no one there to touch, when things start going wrong
You finally realise, you've never loved at all
and everywhere you look, you see the white wall

Your father's been too far, your mother's been too near
And now you're on your own, withdrawing in your fear
Through long and sleepless nights, the foxes are running free
You long to be with them, when the scare meets the sea

You climb and then you fall, and then you try again
You curse yourself aloud, for living so weird
and took it to the ground, your eyes are filled with tears
Imprisoned there you lay, in the autumn of your years